THE DICKENSIAN

A Magazine for Dickens Lovers
and Monthly Record of the Dickens Fellowship

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WHEN FOUND—

THE first Annual Conference in accordance with the alterations of the rules made at the special meeting on 18 July last will be held at the Victoria Hotel, Victoria Street, Manchester, on 27 October, at 2.30 p.m. The chair will be occupied by Sir William H. Bailey, President of the Manchester Branch. All members of the Fellowship may attend, but only delegates, each of whom will represent fifty members, will be allowed to vote. Branches will choose their own delegates, whilst the council will elect delegates for members not belonging to branches. All business hitherto transacted at the General Meeting in London will in future be transacted at the Conference.

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In connexion with the Conference a Fellowship Dinner will take place at the Victoria Hotel, Victoria Street, Manchester, at 6.30 p.m. Sir W. H. Bailey will be in the chair, and will be supported by Miss Marie Corelli, the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor (Councillor J. H. Thewlis) and the Lady Mayoress, Mr. Percy Fitzgerald (Past President of the Fellowship), Mr. J. Nicol Dunn (Editor of the *Manchester Courier*), Mr. J. Cuming Walters, Mr. B. W. Matz (Chairman of the London Council), and others. The dinner is open to all members of the Fellowship and their friends. Applications for tickets (3s. 6d. each, exclusive of wine), accompanied with remittance, should be sent to Mr. Arthur Humphreys, Olinda, Longsight, Manchester, not later than Monday, 22 October. During the evening Mr. John Harwood will give a recital from *The Chimes*.

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The most notable book of the present publishing season so far is undoubtedly Mr. G. K. Chesterton's study of *Charles Dickens*. It is not to be expected that everybody will agree with everything Mr. Chesterton says, but the book has met with almost unstinted praise from all quarters, and the general verdict is that it stands high, if not highest, in the list of critical estimates of the novelist's works published since his death. So good have been the articles on the book that one is almost tempted to quote from many, but space does not allow. Any one who reads the book itself will be in agreement with the writer in the *Spectator*, who says that with all his faults Mr. Chesterton undoubtedly has something like real genius, and some of his flashes of intuition are wonderful. A review of the book appears on another page.

As all roads lead to London, so most events seem to lead us back to our Dickens. The great excitement of the international boat race between Harvard and Cambridge Universities last month is a case in point, for the last occasion that Harvard tried their skill against our universities was in 1869, when they met a crew from Oxford. At the dinner which took place afterwards at the Crystal Palace on 30 August, Dickens proposed the health of the crews in one of his usually characteristic speeches. Mr. Willan, who presided at the dinner the other day, was one of the gentlemen whose names were coupled with the toast by Dickens on the occasion.

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We are very pleased to be able to record that *Charles Dickens: His Life, Writings, and Personality*, by F. G. Kitton, has reached a second and cheaper edition. The book is as valuable to the student of Dickens in many ways as is Forster's Life itself, and it contains many facts which were unavailable at the time the latter was published. Among the many books Kitton published, this is perhaps the best and the one most likely to live. This new edition is handsomely bound, and the cover and back are embossed with numerous Dickens-character outlines, admirably grouped and executed in gold. Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack are the publishers.

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Herr Franz von Schoenthan's version of *Little Dorrit* was produced at the Royal Theatre, Berlin, on 15 September, under the title of *Klein Dorrit*, and had a favourable reception, the adapter being repeatedly called before the curtain after each of the three acts. The interest of the play was made to centre round Old Dorrit, who was perfectly represented by Herr Vollmer. Fräulein Eschborn, as the heroine, also gave a most sympathetic rendering of her part.

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Our November issue will be enlarged to the extent of eight pages in order to admit of the report and balance sheet of the past year of the Dickens Fellowship. As it is necessary that the report should contain the result of the deliberations of the Conference at Manchester on 27 October, the number may be a day or two late in publication.

* * *

We have received from Messrs. Chas. Goodall and Son, Ltd., an interesting souvenir of Dickens in the form of a pack of playing cards bearing a familiar portrait of the novelist on the back. They are enclosed in a cloth case bearing a suitable design of ivy leaves on the cover.

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Mr. Beerbohm Tree has been elected President of the Dickens Fellowship Dramatic Club, in succession to the late Mr. J. L. Toole.

THE EDITOR.

THE AMUSEMENTS OF THE PEOPLE*

By CHARLES DICKENS

II

MR. WHELKS being much in the habit of recreating himself at a class of theatres called "Saloons," we repaired to one of these, not long ago, on a Monday evening; Monday being a great holiday-night with Mr. Whelks and his friends.

The Saloon in question is the largest in London (that which is known as The Eagle, in the City Road, should be excepted from the generic term, as not presenting by any means the same class of entertainment), and is situate not far from Shoreditch Church. It announces "The People's Theatre," as its second name. The prices of admission are, to the boxes, a shilling; to the pit, sixpence; to the lower gallery, fourpence; to the upper gallery and back seats, threepence. There is no half-price. The opening piece on this occasion was described in the bills as "the greatest hit of the season, the grand new legendary and traditionary drama, combining supernatural agencies with historical facts, and identifying extraordinary superhuman causes with material, terrific, and powerful effects." All the queen's horses and all the queen's men could not have drawn Mr. Whelks into the place like this description. Strengthened by lithographic representations of the principal superhuman causes, combined with the most popular of the material, terrific, and powerful effects, it became irresistible. Consequently, we had already failed, once, in finding six square inches of room within the walls, to stand upon; and when we now paid our money for a little stage box, like a dry shower-bath, we did so in the midst of a stream of people who persisted in paying theirs for other parts of the house in despite of the representations of the Money-taker that it was "very full, everywhere."

The outer avenues and passages of the People's Theatre bore abundant testimony to the fact of its being frequented by very dirty people. Within, the atmosphere was far from odoriferous. The place was crammed to excess, in all parts. Among the audience were a large number of boys and youths, and a great many very young girls grown into bold women before they had well ceased to be children. These last were the worst features of the whole crowd, and were more prominent there than in any other sort of public assembly that we know of, except at a public execution. There was no drink supplied, beyond the contents of the porter-can (magnified in its dimensions, perhaps), which may be usually seen traversing the galleries of the largest Theatres as well as the least, and which was here seen everywhere. Huge ham-sandwiches, piled on trays like deals in a timber-yard, were handed about for sale to the hungry; and there was no stint of oranges, cakes, brandy-balls, or other similar refreshments. The Theatre was capacious, with a very large capable stage, well lighted, well appointed, and managed in a business-like, orderly manner in all respects; the performances had begun so early as a quarter past six, and had been then in progress for three-quarters of an hour.

* Reprinted from *Household Words*, 13 April, 1850.

It was apparent here, as in the theatre we had previously visited, that one of the reasons of its great attraction was its being directly addressed to the common people, in the provision made for their seeing and hearing. Instead of being put away in a dark gap in the roof of an immense building, as in our once National Theatres, they were here in possession of eligible points of view, and thoroughly able to take in the whole performance. Instead of being at a great disadvantage in comparison with the mass of the audience, they were here *the* audience, for whose accommodation the place was made. We believe this to be one great cause of the success of these speculations. In whatever way the common people are addressed, whether in churches, chapels, schools, lecture-rooms, or theatres, to be successfully addressed they must be directly appealed to. No matter how good the feast, they will not come to it on mere sufferance. If, on looking round us, we find that the only things plainly and personally addressed to them, from quack medicines upwards, be bad or very defective things,—so much the worse for them and for all of us, and so much the more unjust and absurd the system which has haughtily abandoned a strong ground to such occupation.

We will add that we believe these people have a right to be amused. A great deal that we consider to be unreasonable, is written and talked about not licensing these places of entertainment. We have already intimated that we believe a love of dramatic representations to be an inherent principle in human nature. In most conditions of human life of which we have any knowledge, from the Greeks to the Bosjesmen, some form of dramatic representation has always obtained.* We have a vast respect for county magistrates, and for the lord chamberlain; but we render greater deference to such extensive and immutable experience, and think it will outlive the whole existing court and commission. We would assuredly not bear harder on the fourpenny theatre, than on the four shilling theatre, or the four guinea theatre; but we would decidedly interpose to turn to some wholesome account the means of instruction which it has at command, and we would make that office of Dramatic Licenser, which, like many other offices, has become a mere piece of Court favour and dandy conventionality, a real, responsible, educational trust. We would have it exercise a sound supervision over the lower drama, instead of stopping the career of a real work of art, as it did in the case of Mr. Chorley's play at the Surrey Theatre, but a few weeks since, for a sickly point of form.

To return to Mr. Whelks. The audience, being able to see and hear, were very attentive. They were so closely packed, that they took a little time in settling down after any pause; but otherwise the general disposition was to lose nothing, and to check (in no choice language) any disturber of the business of the scene.

* In the remote interior of Africa, and among the North American Indians, this truth is exemplified in an equally striking manner. Who that saw the four grim, stunted, abject Bush-people at the Egyptain Hall—with two natural actors among them out of that number, one a male and the other a female—can forget how something human and imaginative gradually broke out in the little ugly man, when he was roused from crouching over the charcoal fire, into giving a dramatic representation of the tracking of a beast, the shooting of it with poisoned arrows, and the creature's death?

On our arrival, Mr. Whelks had already followed Lady Hatton the Heroine (whom we faintly recognised as a mutilated theme of the late Thomas Ingoldsby) to the "Gloomy Dell and Suicide's Tree," where Lady H. had encountered the "apparition of the dark man of doom," and heard the "fearful story of the Suicide." She had also "signed the compact in her own Blood"; beheld "the Tombs rent asunder"; seen "skeletons start from their graves, and gibber Mine, mine, for ever!" and undergone all these little experiences (each set forth in a separate line in the bill), in the compass of one act. It was not yet over, indeed, for we found a remote king of England of the name of "Enerry," refreshing himself with the spectacle of a dance in a Garden, which was interrupted by the "thrilling appearance of the Demon." This "superhuman cause" (with black eyebrows slanting up into his temples, and red-foil cheekbones,) brought the Drop-Curtain down as we took possession of our Shower-Bath.

It seemed, on the curtain's going up again, that Lady Hatton had sold herself to the Powers of Darkness, on very high terms, and was now overtaken by remorse, and by jealousy too; the latter passion being excited by the beautiful Lady Rodolpha, ward to the king. It was to urge Lady Hatton on to the murder of this young female (as well as we could make out, but both we and Mr. Whelks found the incidents complicated) that the Demon appeared "once again in all his terrors." Lady Hatton had been leading a life of piety, but the Demon was not to have his bargain declared off, in right of any such artifices, and now offered a dagger for the destruction of Rodolpha. Lady Hatton hesitating to accept this trifle from Tartarus, the Demon, for certain subtle reasons of his own, proceeded to entertain her with a view of the "gloomy court-yard of a convent," and the apparitions of the "Skeleton Monk," and the "King of Terrors." Against these superhuman causes, another superhuman cause, to wit, the ghost of Lady H.'s mother, came into play, and greatly confounded the Powers of Darkness, by waving the "sacred emblem" over the head of the else devoted Rodolpha, and causing her to sink into the earth. Upon this the Demon, losing his temper, fiercely invited Lady Hatton to "Be-old the tortures of the damned!" and straightway conveyed her to a "grand and awful view of Pandemonium, and Lake of Transparent Rolling Fire," whereof, and also of "Prometheus chained, and the Vulture gnawing at his liver," Mr. Whelks was exceedingly derisive.

The Demon still failing, even there, and still finding the ghost of the old lady greatly in his way, exclaimed that these vexations had such a remarkable effect upon his spirit as to "sear his eyeballs," and that he must go "deeper down," which he accordingly did. Hereupon it appeared that it was all a dream on Lady Hatton's part, and that she was newly married and uncommonly happy. This put an end to the incongruous heap of nonsense, and set Mr. Whelks applauding mightily; for, except with the lake of transparent rolling fire (which was not half infernal enough for him), Mr. Whelks was infinitely contented with the whole of the proceedings.

Ten thousand people, every week, all the year round, are estimated to attend this place of amusement. If it were closed to-morrow—if

there were fifty such, and they were all closed to-morrow—the only result would be to cause that to be privately and evasively done, which is now publicly done; to render the harm of it much greater, and to exhibit the suppressive power of the law in an oppressive and partial light. The people who now resort here, *will be* amused somewhere. It is of no use to blink that fact, or to make pretences to the contrary. We had far better apply ourselves to improving the character of their amusement. It would not be exacting much, or exacting anything very difficult, to require that the pieces represented in these Theatres should have, at least, a good, plain, healthy purpose in them.

To the end that our experiences might not be supposed to be partial or unfortunate, we went, the very next night, to the Theatre where we saw *May Morning*, and found Mr. Whelks engaged in the study of an "Original old English Domestic and Romantic Drama," called *Eva the Betrayed, or The Ladye of Lambythe.* We proceed to develope the incidents which gradually unfolded themselves to Mr. Whelks's understanding.

One Geoffrey Thornley the younger, on a certain fine morning, married his father's ward, Eva the Betrayed, the Ladye of Lambythe. She had become the betrayed, in right—or in wrong—of designing Geoffrey's machinations; for that corrupt individual, knowing her to be under promise of marriage to Walter More, a young mariner (of whom he was accustomed to make slighting mention, as "a minion"), represented the said More to be no more, and obtained the consent of the too trusting Eva to their immediate union.

Now, it came to pass, by a singular coincidence, that on the identical morning of the marriage, More came home, and was taking a walk about the scenes of his boyhood—a little faded since that time—when he rescued "Wilbert the Hunchback" from some very rough treatment. This misguided person, in return, immediately fell to abusing his preserver in round terms, giving him to understand that he (the preserved) hated "manerkind, wither two eckerceptions," one of them being the deceiving Geoffrey, whose retainer he was, and for whom he felt an unconquerable attachment; the other, a relative, whom, in a similar redundancy of emphasis, adapted to the requirements of Mr. Whelks, he called his "assister." This misanthrope also made the cold-blooded declaration, "There was a timer when I loved my fellow keretures till they deserpised me. Now, I live only to witness man's disergherace and woman's misery!" In furtherance of this amiable purpose of existence, he directed More to where the bridal procession was coming home from church, and Eva recognised More, and More reproached Eva, and there was a great to-do, and a violent struggling, before certain social villagers who were celebrating the event with morris-dances. Eva was borne off in a tearing condition, and the bill very truly observed that the end of that part of the business was "despair and madness."

Geoffrey, Geoffrey, why were you already married to another! Why could you not be true to your lawful wife Katherine, instead of deserting her, and leaving her to come tumbling into public-houses (on account of weakness) in search of you! You might have known what it would end in, Geoffrey Thornley! You might have known that she

would come up to your house on your wedding day with her marriage-certificate in her pocket, determined to expose you. You might have known beforehand, as you now very composedly observe, that you would have "but one course to pursue." That course clearly is to wind your right hand in Katherine's long hair, wrestle with her, stab her, throw down the body behind the door (Cheers from Mr. Whelks), and tell the devoted Hunchback to get rid of it. On the devoted Hunchback's finding that it is the body of his "assister," and taking her marriage-certificate from her pocket and denouncing you, of course you have still but one course to pursue, and that is to charge the crime upon him, and have him carried off with all speed into the "deep and massive dungeons beneath Thornley Hall."

More having, as he was rather given to boast, "a goodly vessel on the lordly Thames," had better have gone away with it, weather permitting, than have gone after Eva. Naturally, he got carried down to the dungeons too, for lurking about, and got put into the next dungeon to the Hunchback, then expiring from poison. And there they were, hard and fast, like two wild beasts in dens, trying to get glimpses of each other through the bars, to the unutterable interest of Mr. Whelks.

But when the Hunchback made himself known, and when More did the same; and when the Hunchback said he had got the certificate which rendered Eva's marriage illegal; and when More raved to have it given to him, and when the Hunchback (as having some grains of misanthropy in him to the last) persisted in going into his dying agonies in a remote corner of his cage, and took unheard-of trouble not to die anywhere near the bars that were within More's reach; Mr. Whelks applauded to the echo. At last the Hunchback was persuaded to stick the certificate on the point of a dagger, and hand it in; and that done, died extremely hard, knocking himself violently about, to the very last gasp, and certainly making the most of all the life that was in him.

Still, More had yet to get out of his den before he could turn this certificate to any account. His first step was to make such a violent uproar as to bring into his presence a certain "Norman Free Lance" who kept watch and ward over him. His second, to inform this warrior, in the style of the Polite Letter-Writer, that "circumstances had occurred" rendering it necessary that he should be immediately let out. The warrior declining to submit himself to the force of these circumstances, Mr. More proposed to him, as a gentleman and a man of honour, to allow him to step out into the gallery, and there adjust an old feud subsisting between them, by single combat. The unwary Free Lance, consenting to this reasonable proposal, was shot from behind by the comic man, whom he bitterly designated as "a snipe" for that action, and then died exceedingly game.

All this occurred in one day—the bridal day of the Ladye of Lambythe; and now Mr. Whelks concentrated all his energies into a focus, bent forward, looked straight in front of him, and held his breath. For, the night of the eventful day being come, Mr. Whelks was admitted to the "bridal chamber of the Ladye of Lambythe," where he beheld a toilet table, and a particularly large and desolate

four-post bedstead. Here the Ladye, having dismissed her bridesmaids, was interrupted in deploring her unhappy fate, by the entrance of her husband; and matters, under these circumstances, were proceeding to very desperate extremities, when the Ladye (by this time aware of the existence of the certificate) found a dagger on the dressing-table, and said, "Attempt to enfold me in thy pernicious embrace, and this poignard—!" &c. He did attempt it, however, for all that, and he and the Ladye were dragging one another about like wrestlers, when Mr. More broke open the door, and entering with the whole domestic establishment and a Middlesex magistrate, took him into custody and claimed his bride.

It is but fair to Mr. Whelks to remark on one curious fact in this entertainment. When the situations were very strong indeed, they were very like what some favourite situations in the Italian Opera would be to a profoundly deaf spectator. The despair and madness at the end of the first act, the business of the long hair, and the struggle in the bridal chamber, were as like the conventional passion of the Italian singers, as the orchestra was unlike the opera band, or its "hurries" unlike the music of the great composers. So do extremes meet; and so is there some hopeful congeniality between what will excite Mr. Whelks, and what will rouse a Duchess.

POETICAL TRIBUTES TO CHARLES DICKENS

XXII

CHARLES DICKENS dead! The record leaves us feeling
Almost too great a grief for outward speech;
That still, dead face to England's heart appealing,
Has power, as in old days, to charm and teach.

And with the nation's grief a keener sorrow
Comes o'er each heart when those sad words are read;
The summer with its bloom and bud to-morrow
Can only call to mind a dear friend dead.

Remembrance, with the skill of rarest painter,
His great creations on the heart will limn;
No line that cold hand wrote can e'er grow fainter,
No character it drew for us wax dim.

Shall we not mourn his satire strangely tender,
The purity that never failed his page?
God called him—and we sadly made surrender
Of one whose genius lit this sordid age.

"*Non omnis mortuus est*," the words breathe o'er us
A tender benediction as we part;
He sleeps, but for all ages speaks before us,
And, dying, lives in every English heart.

WILLIAM WATKINS.

In *Charles Dickens: with Anecdotes and Recollections of his Life*, 1870.

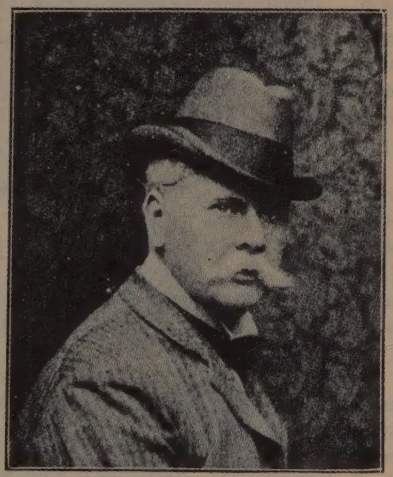
THE ILLUSTRATORS OF DICKENS

By W. A. FRASER

IV

MARCUS STONE, R.A.

FOR the first cheap edition (1861) of *Little Dorrit* Mr. Marcus Stone designed a frontispiece, and to the library edition (1862) of *Great Expectations* he contributed eight illustrations. In the same edition (1862), *Pictures from Italy* and *American Notes* contain drawings from his pencil, while the first cheap edition of *A Tale of Two Cities* (1864) has a frontispiece drawn by him. With the exception of the last-named illustration, all the above-mentioned designs were executed prior to those for *Our Mutual Friend.* Mr. Marcus Stone was barely twenty-one when he first essayed the art of book-illustration, and certainly one of the most important events of his early life was the commission to illustrate *Our Mutual Friend.* A preliminary sketch for each illustration was sent to Dickens, who returned it to the artist with suggestions, and with the title inscribed by him on the margin.



MARCUS STONE, R.A.

Many of these early productions of Marcus Stone are unquestionably crude and immature, and most assuredly he owes little or nothing to his engraver, the reproduction of his drawings upon the wood being, in many instances, exceedingly bad.

The four designs for *American Notes* are very unequal and unconvincing. The best out of the four is the picture entitled "Black and White," but even it has the appearance of being merely a preliminary sketch for an illustration, not the finished design.

The *Pictures from Italy* is not by any means a good-natured book. Dickens had not much knowledge or love for what is called "high art"; and indeed his acquaintance with art of any kind beyond the illustrations to his own works was extremely limited, and he could not understand the pictorial and plastic masterpieces which he saw in Rome and in other Continental cities, and was rather inclined to sneer at the artists themselves and to deride the people who could understand and did admire the immortal productions of Italian art. Clarkson Stanfield, Augustus Egg, and Daniel Maclise were among his intimate friends; so was Frank Stone, and he was an early patron of W. P. Frith, R.A., and his relations with Hablôt K. Browne were of the most friendly kind for twenty-three years. Still, we cannot help thinking that he cared for these artistic friends much more as social

companions than as masters of their art. Dickens never had much time or, perhaps, inclination for the study of art or of literature. He lived a busy, earnest, intensely practical life, in which he did the work of three men, and dreaming over books and pictures was not for him, probably never had any attractions for him. He certainly could not be described as a "bookish" man.

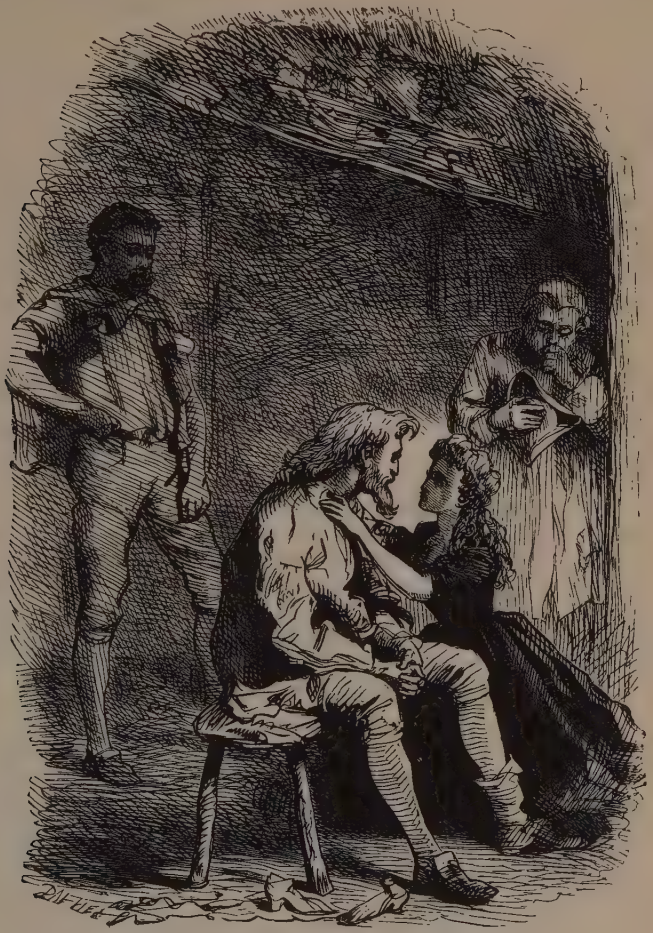
The illustrations, four in number, to *Pictures from Italy* show far more care and more skilful draughtsmanship. "The Chiffonier" is wholly admirable, the light and shade wonderfully expressed, and the whole picture a "joy for ever" to those possessed of the artistic eye. It is most certainly deserving of and will repay the closest examination. The effect of night and the light of the lantern falling upon the figure in the foreground is quite marvellous in its truth and beauty. The fourth and last illustration, "In the Catacombs," is interesting chiefly because Dickens himself is portrayed following the gaunt figure of the monk his guide. The light of the torch is on the face and form of the priest, while Dickens is in the shadow, but it is quite possible to make out his features, and the likeness is undeniable. He is represented with a moustache shading but not entirely concealing his mouth, and long hair of a darker shade falling from beneath a peaked travelling-cap. He wears an apparently thick and heavy coat, buttoned up to the chin.

Great Expectations contains eight drawings by Marcus Stone, and with the exception of two they cannot be said to be in any sense fitting companions to the text. The story is one of the most brilliant of the later works of Dickens, and in some respects even finer than *David Copperfield*. The resemblance and yet the unlikeness in character and surroundings of the two small boys, the heroes of the stories, is worked out with astonishing skill and success; a feat which only a writer of the greatest genius could have accomplished.

The frontispiece, "With Estella after all," is excellent and far and away the best of the eight illustrations. Estella is a most beautiful and graceful woman; the face is quite lovely, and even the voluminous crinoline and spoon bonnet of the early sixties cannot wholly spoil her figure. The starlight night is finely indicated, and Pip is a manly and attractive lover, changed very considerably in appearance certainly, but not more so than he would really have been by the addition of a thick beard and heavy moustache. Dickens tells us that "the freshness of Estella's beauty was indeed gone, but its indescribable majesty and its indescribable charm remained. Those attractions I had seen in it before; what I had never seen before was the saddened, softened light of the once proud eyes; what I had never felt before was the friendly touch of the once insensible hand." We see how admirably Mr. Stone has carried out with his pencil the picture indicated by Dickens. Nothing could be better as an interpretation of the author's words, but Estella was a very tiresome young woman, who thoroughly deserved the fate she had chosen.

A contemporary critic in the course of a review of *Our Mutual Friend* remarked: "Mr. Dickens wearies and disgusts his readers with pointless satire and pumped-up tears. We sigh for the days of the bright, cheery Mr. Dickens, who could make us laugh even with

the toothache; instead of the gloomy, melodramatic Mr. Dickens who describes all the horrors of a marriage between the living and the all but dead. We are grateful for the trouble he has taken to amuse us, but we sigh for the days when he could amuse his readers without taking any trouble at all."



LUCIE MANETTE AND HER FATHER MEET
Frontispiece to the first cheap edition (1864), by Marcus Stone, R.A.

This is far too severe! *Our Mutual Friend* is not one of the master's greatest works, but the world would be the poorer without Silas Wegg, Jenny Wren, Mr. Podsnap, and the charming wayward Bella Wilfer, one of the most delightful heroines to be found in any of the novels. Far more life-like than Dora or Esther Summerson, and greatly superior to Estella, a most incomprehensible young woman.

Browne's illustrations would have been quite out of place in this story. In 1865 novels were no longer illustrated with wild caricatures

of men and women in impossible attitudes. A new school of designers had arisen, and the taste for Cruikshank and Phiz was happily extinct.

Our standard in art matters, at least, is higher. Compare one of the illustrations in *Our Mutual Friend*, "The Bird of Prey," with Cruikshank's frontispiece to *Oliver Twist*. It is one of Mr. Stone's finest. He has bestowed great care upon the picture, and it is far more highly finished than any of those that follow it, except the design entitled "The Happy Pair," which is indeed a triumph of skill, and is perhaps the most exquisite picture in the book. The figures, the sea and the waves, the shore and the sands, and the whole breezy, seaside atmosphere, are marvellously rendered. "Podsnappery" is very good, in its very different way, but is somewhat sketchy.

"The Bird of Prey brought down" is a wonderful riverside picture. The storm of rain and hail could not be better indicated. "Pa's Lodger and Pa's Daughter" is quite a charming picture. A lovelier girl than Bella Wilfer, as depicted by Mr. Marcus Stone in this illustration, it would be difficult to find. "Our Johnny" is a finished picture—perfect in every detail. An oil-painting in black and white! In "A Friend in Need," the moon struggling through the clouds, the street-lamps, and the hazy, misty night, are all reproduced with faultless realism.

The illustrations in the second half of the book appear unfinished, resembling studies for pictures rather than finished designs. To an artist they are full of interest and beauty, but to the ordinary reader they appear lacking in finish.

In conclusion, it may be noted how admirably Mr. Marcus Stone preserves the likeness of the various characters in the story right through. They are always the same people! Mr. Boffin, Bella Wilfer, John Rokesmith, and Silas Wegg, to name but a few, do not alter; we recognize them at a glance! In this respect Phiz often achieved conspicuous failure. Major Bagstock, Mr. Peggotty, and Miss Betsey Trotwood are instances of this lack of memory on the part of the artist. Remarkable alterations may be observed also in old Mr. Dorrit, the father of the Marshalsea! A wig and the elaborate costume of an ancient dandy are not sufficient of themselves to account for the startling changes in his personal appearance! There are no lapses of memory on the part of Mr. Marcus Stone! The minor characters in the novel as well as the leading personages remain the same throughout the thirty-eight illustrations to *Our Mutual Friend*.

Before *Edwin Drood* was published, Mr. Stone had abandoned black and white art, and in 1877 he was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, and ten years afterwards he was advanced to the full rank of Academician. His charming pictures of old-world lovers in the costume of the Regency exchanging soft nothings in lovely old-fashioned gardens are too well known to every student of the Royal Academy to require any description here. We all know a "Marcus Stone" at a glance, and we can never have too many of them. Charles Dickens was fully justified in his belief in the powers of his young friend, and there is no more popular artist to-day than Marcus Stone, and none that better deserves all the fame and fortune that his brilliant talents have brought him.

MR. G. K. CHESTERTON ON DICKENS

By J. W. T. LEY

MR. CHESTERTON has given us a book which, while it cannot, and obviously does not aim to supplant George Gissing's masterful *Critical Study*, must occupy a place beside that volume on the shelves of good Dickensians. If I must confess it, I came to the book with something of a prejudice, for I had seen it heralded as a "general justification of Dickens"; and so greatly has the world progressed in late years that it is not only within the ranks of the Dickens Fellowship that people are to be found who deny that Dickens needs justification. But Mr. Chesterton has made no efforts to justify the creator of Bunsby and Micawber, but has written a brilliant and fascinating book for which there was room. It may be admitted, perhaps, that in a long book the frequent iteration of the Chestertonian paradox may sometimes tend to become irksome, but even that is only to be noted in passing.

The charm of the book is its whole-heartedness. Mr. Chesterton does not admire Dickens—he loves him, revels in him. I said just now that this book would not supplant Gissing's "study." Gissing's book professes to be nothing more than its title proclaims it to be, a critical study. It judges Dickens according to the standard which we call "art," and tells us his merits and demerits—the former very few and the latter very many—from that point of view. Mr. Chesterton absolutely refuses to judge Dickens by any such standard, or indeed by any standard at all, and makes the table shake as he emphasizes his—as I think—absolutely unanswerable assertion that most of these very defects which Gissing laments so earnestly are the novelist's glory.

> Dickens is "like life" . . . at least in this detail, that he is alive. His art is like life, because, like life, it cares for nothing outside itself, and goes on its way rejoicing. Both produce monsters with a kind of carelessness, like enormous by-products; life producing the rhinoceros, and art Mr. Bunsby. . . . Dickens's art is like life because, like life, it is irresponsible, because, like life, it is incredible.

This will prepare us for what I regard as the most important point which Mr. Chesterton has made. He says many new things—in itself an achievement, so far as Dickens is concerned—but this one is most worthy of note. It is that the oft-noted "defect" of Dickens, the grotesqueness and improbability of some of his characters, is his greatest glory; that whereas, in this respect, he is so often said to fall behind the writers who "hold a mirror up to life," it is really here that he is in front, and almost out of sight. In all the critical "studies" and "estimates" of Dickens that I have read, I have never seen this point so clearly defined, and yet it is so absolutely sound and true. The heart of the matter is contained in this one short sentence: "If we had a sequel of Pickwick ten years afterwards, Pickwick would be exactly the same age." Comparisons, if not always odious, are generally undesirable; but Mr. Chesterton illustrates his meaning with a comparison which seems to me to be legitimate and entirely luminous: "We know that he (Pickwick) would not have fallen into that strange and beautiful second childhood which soothed and simplified the end of Colonel Newcome. Newcome, throughout the book, is in an atmosphere of time; Pickwick, throughout the book, is not." The

certainty that most people would take this as praise of Thackeray and dispraise of Dickens is quickly realized, and such people are at once met with the explanation that "Dickens did not strictly make a literature: he made a mythology." This is the striking new thing that Mr. Chesterton has to say, and it is sufficient alone to justify the book. Of the modern short story he remarks: "When the story is ended, the people are ended. We have no instinct of anything ultimate and enduring behind the episodes. . . . But in this elder literature (folklore and mythology) . . . the reverse is true. The characters are felt to be fixed things of which we have fleeting glimpses; that is, they are felt to be divine. Uncle Toby is talking for ever, as the elves are dancing for ever. We feel that whenever we hammer on the house of Falstaff, Falstaff will be at home." And so

> Dickens was a mythologist rather than a novelist; he was the last of the mythologists, and perhaps the greatest. He did not always manage to make his characters men, but he always managed, at the least, to make them gods. They are creatures like Punch or Father Christmas. They live statically, in a perpetual summer of being themselves. . . . It was Dickens's aim to show character *living* in a kind of happy void, in a world apart from time—yes, and essentially apart from circumstance, though the phrase may seem odd in connection with the godlike horse-play of *Pickwick*. . . . His aim is another aim altogether to those of the modern novelists who trace the alchemy of experience and the autumn tints of character. He is there, like the common people of all ages, to make deities. . . . The spirit he at bottom celebrates is that of two friends drinking wine together and talking throughout the night. But for him they are two deathless friends, talking through an endless night and pouring wine from an inexhaustible bottle.

It seems to me that here is a truth the force of which cannot be over-emphasized. It may be that here is the very root of the secret of Dickens's ever-green popularity—that Pickwick is always Pickwick, and Mrs. Gamp never any one but Mrs. Gamp; that no matter how often we return to the books, or at what distant intervals, we always find the characters "living in a perpetual summer of being themselves"; that in very truth "Mr. Pickwick was a fairy. So was old Mr. Weller." This is the Chestertonian way of putting it; but though such criticism may seem grotesque, its truth cannot, I think, be questioned.

One does not look for conventionality in Mr. Chesterton, and so I was not surprised, but still no less pleased, to find that his book contained no chapters bearing such stereotyped headings as "Dickens and Children," "The Philosophy of Dickens," and so on. But the philosophy of Dickens is not overlooked, and in dealing with it our author is extremely happy. He combats vigorously the most surprising statement in Gissing's book—that Dickens never was in his intention democratic, and tells us that "the whole superiority of the democracy of Dickens over the democracy of such a man as Gissing lies exactly in the fact that Gissing would have liked to prove that poor men could instruct themselves and could instruct others. It was of final importance to Dickens that poor men could amuse themselves and could amuse him. He troubled little about the mere education of that life; he declared two essential things about it—that it was laughable, and that it was livable." This seems to me exactly to express Dickens's philosophy of life—that it is laughable (not necessarily a joke), and that it is, more than anything else, not only livable, but worth living; not

merely that the world is not a bad sort of place, but that the world is a very good sort of place.

It is impossible to say all that one would like to say of this book in a notice such as this, but though space is limited, there is one curious point which I would not leave unnoted—a point on which I think few people will agree with Mr. Chesterton. It has been said that Dickens never described a gentleman. With such a criticism no one who is acquainted with John Jarndyce, Sir Leicester Dedlock, or Ham Peggotty will agree. Mr. Chesterton, of course, does not agree, and he expresses his disagreement with the Chestertonian emphasis. So far, so good; but I fancy few of us will see eye to eye with him when he selects Eugene Wrayburn as an example of what constitutes a gentleman. "But in Eugene Wrayburn he does, whether consciously or not, turn that accusation with a vengeance. For he not only describes a gentleman, but describes the inner weakness and peril that belong to a gentleman, the devil that is always rending the entrails of an idle and agreeable man. In Eugene's purposeless pursuit of Lizzie Hexam, in his yet more purposeless torturing of Bradley Headstone, the author has marvellously realized that singular empty obstinacy that drives the whims and pleasures of a leisured class. He sees that there is nothing that such a man more stubbornly adheres to than the thing that he does not particularly want to do." Here I cannot help thinking that Mr. Chesterton is astray. To my mind Eugene Wrayburn, right up to the last few chapters of the book, is a cad. Certainly I decline to believe that he typifies Dickens's idea of a gentleman. I am free to confess that Dickens's own sympathies seem always to be with Eugene; but to me, as to George Gissing, this has always been the most amazing thing in Dickens. That in Wrayburn's purposeless pursuit of Lizzie Hexam and his purposeless torturing of the schoolmaster Dickens realized the empty obstinacy that drives the whims and pleasures of a leisured class is probably true, and so far we have, as Mr. Chesterton says, a successful psychological study. That the novelist realized his idea of a gentleman I do not admit; and in so far as his strange sympathy with Wrayburn is concerned, one can only submit it as evidence that Dickens attempted something which he did not succeed in achieving.

The last chapter of the book is full of interest. In it Mr. Chesterton discusses Dickens's probable future place in literature. It will be anticipated that he prophesies that Dickens will retain a high place; but he goes further and believes that his place in nineteenth-century literature will not only be high, but altogether the highest. "Dickens will bestride and dominate our time as the vast figure of Rabelais dominates Du Bellay, dominates the Renaissance and the world."

I have said enough, I think, to show that no more fascinating book has been published for a long time. The reader is not worried with any pedantic quibblings. He has here a wild, yet withal eminently sane appreciation of the greatest optimist among our novelists, written by one who knows his Dickens thoroughly. Minor errors in a book full of such great truths are scarcely worth pointing out, but it may be worth noting that the book that was interrupted by the death of Mary Hogarth was *Pickwick*, not *Oliver Twist*.

PICKWICK AND DULWICH

By C. G. HINDLEY

THE authors of *The Real Dickens Land* conclude their "Pickwick" chapter by saying they have left out "Dulwich Church where the marriage of Mr. Snodgrass was celebrated," and "the new house at Dulwich where Mr. Pickwick peacefully grew old."

Why "new" house it is hard to say; for though Mr. Pickwick himself terms it "my new house," there is nothing to show it was a new house, and Pickwick himself does not say so. On the contrary, it appears to date somewhat earlier than that year of 1836 in which Charles Dickens gave to the world *The Pickwick Papers*. It is still to be found; it stands just outside the quiet, old-fashioned village of Dulwich, a neat, square white building with a closely secluded garden before and all around it, so that it can but just be seen, peeping from its cosy nest, out into the high road beyond its chain-and-post railing.

And it almost seems as though the sight of it might have given to Dickens, did we not know otherwise, the original inspiration for the whole of the character of Mr. Pickwick, so essentially appropriate is its snug and prosperous appearance for the use and enjoyment of that benevolent, if somewhat limited, character whom Charles Dickens, pausing in his drives upon the dusty white road outside that leads up to London and down into the heart of Kent (with its Dingley Dells), imagined to have spent his last years in quiet retirement there.

It was there that Mr. Pickwick is described, in the last chapter of the book, as seated in the dining-room, listening to Sam Weller as he read aloud to him, "with such remarks as suggested themselves to his mind, which never failed to afford Mr. Pickwick great amusement."

"I determined," says Mr. Pickwick in that last chapter, addressing Mr. Wardle and others as they are dining together at the Adelphi, "on retiring to some quiet, pretty neighbourhood in the vicinity of London. I saw a house which exactly suited my fancy. I have taken it and furnished it. It is fully prepared for my reception, and I intend entering upon it at once, trusting that I may yet live to spend many happy years in peaceful retirement, cheered through life by the society of my friends and followed in death by their affectionate remembrances."

At the upper end of the village a very old graveyard must have been the place which received the mortal remains of Mr. Pickwick after the end of this peaceful and friendly existence, or, at any rate, of his prototypes, of whom, no doubt, there were several. It is a beautiful garden of sleep, lying under the evening sunshine with the long shadows of great elms across it, and the many ancient stones where the inscriptions are gently fading out as time goes on.

What will be the ultimate fate of this garden when the "haunt of ancient peace" is broken up, when the roads that have already begun to encroach on the wide High Street shall have brought in the stream of modern life and business? And what the fate of the fine old houses, and the roadside greens, and those grandly towering ancient elms that guard the street throughout its whole length?

Almost the last house of all is this of Mr. Pickwick, standing a stone's throw from the old College of God's gift and the residence of the twelve old men and twelve old women, the Alleyn's Almshouses.

"The house I have taken," goes on Mr. Pickwick in the book, "is at Dulwich; it has a large garden." And later on there is a full description of the little place, where the wedding guests arrive at Mr. Pickwick's invitation, at Mr. Pickwick's house, for the wedding of Mr. Snodgrass. "Nothing was to be heard but congratulations and commendations." We can picture, too, faithful Sam attending the wants of his considerate master, and Mr. Pickwick ever thoughtful for the one who served him best. "The happiness of young people," said Mr. Pickwick, "has ever been the chief pleasure of my life." And when at the end of two years his old housekeeper died "Mr. Pickwick promoted Mary to the situation" as keeper of the new house at Dulwich, "on condition of

MR. PICKWICK'S HOUSE, DULWICH
From a photo

her marrying Mr. Weller at once, which she did without a murmur. From the circumstance of two sturdy little boys having been repeatedly seen at the gate of the back garden we have reason to suppose that Sam has some family."

But does it not seem somewhat strange that another aspect of these venerable buildings and of this quaint and slumbering village, beyond the fact of its being a quiet, pretty place near London, never struck upon Dickens's imagination?

To any one who knows something of the history of old Dulwich village, and who has felt the charm and mysteriousness of its ancient woods and groves, its quaint dwelling-places and roadside greens, it seems almost impossible that Dickens, with his luxuriant imaginative power, could have remained so entirely unconscious of the atmosphere

of dignified decay and historic repose that surrounded the place, as it lies so quietly sleeping, within only five or six miles of the heart of great London itself. Along those roads walked Shakespeare leisurely with his friend, Edward Alleyn, the owner and patron of the whole neighbourhood in the early seventeenth century.

In the church of Dulwich is Alleyn's tomb; that is the church where Mr. Snodgrass was married, and to which all the Wardles and the Winkles and Trundles came up from the country, along that same dusty white College Road which still rolls its gritty pebbles inhospitably under the traveller's feet to-day, as then.

Across this road from Pickwick's house started forth the chariot containing the bridegroom, sallying gallantly forth, Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Bob Sawyer, Mr. Tupman, Mr. Ben Allen—and on the box, Sam Weller with his sweetheart's white flowers in his coat.

And in this church they were met by all the rest of the party, who

MR. PICKWICK'S COTTAGE
By T. Onwhyn

must have stabled their animals at the hospitable "Greyhound," a stone's throw beyond, now, alas! cleared away for a succession of puny villas, on "Pickwick Road."

Thither also, along the dusty high road, from the heart of the country came the "poor relations," who had earlier in the book distinguished themselves frequently, even to the extent of "falling under the table" at a certain feast. "Whether they walked, or got behind coaches, or procured lifts in waggons, or carried each other, is uncertain, but there they were, before Wardle; and the very first people that knocked at the door of Mr. Pickwick's house on the bridal morning were the two poor relations, 'all smiles and shirt-collar.' They were welcomed heartily, though, for riches or poverty had no influence on Mr. Pickwick."

We can imagine Dickens dreaming under the great horse-chestnuts as he was driven along, romancing and laughing over his Wardles and his Trundles, whom he pictured driving also from the Kentish homestead of Dingley Dell, through this very toll-gate, in their rolling chariots with their fat nags—and entering the curious seventeenth-century church across the green lawns and neat paths of the College ground.

In the assembly room of the "Greyhound" Dickens often dined with his friends; and we may imagine Pickwick frequenting the room with his club friends in his old age.

But probably Dickens only passed the village hastily and never dreamed through a sunny forenoon in some grassy garden or grove in old Dulwich, with the sunlight falling through the great quiet old elm trees on the waving sweet-scented hay; he never caught the sweet

Sam Weller's Children
By Alfred Crowquill

faded music of their toned bells with their "lin-lan-lone" through the quiet hours, nor fell into dreams of Elizabethan heroes and heroines under the melancholy insistence of the faintly caught sounds that reckon up the hardly noticed hours. It was simply to Dickens, as to Pickwick, "a pleasant neighbourhood on a fine day."

We may spend a moment, as we linger in the gallery of pictures, in wondering how far Mr. Pickwick became interested in the paintings that hang here, for, says Dickens, though "somewhat infirm now, he retains all his former juvenility of spirit, and may still be frequently seen contemplating the pictures in the Dulwich Gallery."

Priceless paintings are here, the sight of which, as we cross the threshold of the spacious silent rooms, carries us back into the old art world of old Spain, of old Italy, old France, and most of all, the stately old England of the eighteenth century, with its Gainsboroughs and its marvellous Siddons portrait. We come in from the quiet, yet living air of fields and gardens and woods, and in one moment our sensations of being with Nature at her best and brightest are overcome by the presence of an Art which formalizes, but destroys not, Nature.

What did it all mean to Charles Dickens when he came? And still further, what to the mind or soul of a "Pickwick"? We cannot but wonder!

To Dickens the village, with all its associations, mysterious haunts, and natural beauties, proved nothing but a passing background to a final unimportant incident of a hearty, good-natured Cockney's life; a comfortable, homely place, where, as in *Cranford* or the "astonishing Troy Town," friendly intercourse and a quiet walk and a little shopping at the antique century-old shops might be enjoyed on a pleasant spring day of sunshine and good humour.

Just one further speculation as we leave the village—whereabouts was situated that other "new house" which Mr. Winkle and the fair Arabella came to inhabit, not half an hour away from Mr. Pickwick's little residence?

Whereabouts could this little home have been, whence, in the bright morning air, leaving pretty Arabella at the painted garden-gate, we may imagine Mr. Winkle used to sally forth, for he was engaged, we are told, "in the City, as agent or town correspondent of his father," and had "exchanged his old costume for the ordinary dress of an Englishman," and presented "all the external appearance of a civilized Christian ever afterwards."

"Other men, other thoughts." This has been what Dickens has extracted from the ancient beauties and the summer woodlands of Dulwich; but wandering here, at the same date, came Ruskin from his Camberwell home of beauty, and musing under Dulwich trees gave his *Modern Painters* to the world.

Browning, with his *Pippa Passes*, shows us what thoughts and aspirations may rise among the Sydenham walks as he enters them in the dark midnight hour; Kingsley gives us his best scene before the "Saint Sebastian" of the Gallery in *Alton Locke;* and, greatest of all, Shakespeare here walked and talked and dreamed during his most important London period. Who shall say what these groves and walks produced for Shakespeare, and what the loud chorus of the spring birds and the faint sweet bells taught him—just these surroundings in which Dickens has given us his simple, cheery picture of an honest, kind-hearted Cockney spending the remnant of his days in unthinking prosperity and peace—nothing more and nothing less.

And yet when we look close at the picture we shall see things in it which place it on a level with the best work of Shakespeare, of Browning, of Ruskin, or of Kingsley, namely, that in his time of prosperity Pickwick, the genial old man, is treated by all the poor people about with great respect, that "the children idolise him and so indeed does the whole neighbourhood," while "between the faithful Sam and

his master there exists a steady and reciprocal attachment which nothing but death will sever."

There is yet a further connexion between the author of *Pickwick* and Dulwich, not, however, in relation to his books.

In 1856 Parliament was petitioned by the theatrical profession to grant some assistance to former members of the profession out of the funds of Dulwich College. The College had derived its tremendous wealth from an early fund due to the munificence of Edward Alleyn. Land had been sold, property had accumulated, all owing in the first instance to the sum bequeathed by the great actor Alleyn, the friend of Shakespeare, above mentioned.

A meeting was held at the Adelphi Theatre, and Dickens took the chair. In a very telling speech he outlined the history of the College and its founder, and showed by facts and figures the very good reasons such an institution should have for helping the actor more than any one else.

A FAIRY RING

By WILLOUGHBY MATCHETT

"*Mr. Pickwick was a fairy, and so was old Mr. Weller.*"
MR. CHESTERTON'S *Charles Dickens.*

MOON-LIT the mead, as we lie, freed—
One summer's eve—from care:
All's still as death, yet hark!—a breath—
Faint chuckles on the air!
Since Puck himself, no sturdy elf
Has leapt into our view;
Now hand-in-hand from Fairyland
Come frisking forward two.
Yes, two in advance to lead the dance—
Such antics ne'er were seen:
Aloft one jumps with a stone, "Bill Stumps,"
And blandly smiling mien;
Down t'other bounds, and then expounds,
To our amused surprise,
Strange fairy lore, unknown before,
Of "widders" and "alleybis."
O fairies good—as fairies should—
You bless us as you trip;
As you take wing you leave a ring
Round us of Fellowship.

THE LONDON OF DICKENS

IN Mr. J. W. Cundall's handy little book on London (Cundall & Sons), is a chapter entitled "In London with Charles Dickens," in which a vast amount of fact is compressed into a very small space. The information is reliable and to the point, and any one seeking out the Dickensian places of interest will find this chapter quite comprehensive enough for his purpose, whilst the book itself is small enough for the pocket.

ON "HARD TIMES"

By JOHN RUSKIN

THE essential value and truth of Dickens's writings have been unwisely lost sight of by many thoughtful persons, merely because he presents his truths with some colour of caricature. Unwisely, because Dickens's caricature, though often gross, is never mistaken. Allowing for his manner of telling them, the things he tells are always true. I wish he could think it right to limit his brilliant exaggeration to works written only for public amusement; and when he takes up a subject of high national importance, such as that which is handled in *Hard Times*, that he would use severer and more accurate analysis. The usefulness of that work (to my mind, in several respects, the greatest he has written) is with many persons seriously diminished because Mr. Bounderby is a dramatic monster, instead of a characteristic example of a worldly master; and Stephen Blackpool a dramatic perfection, instead of a characteristic example of an honest workman. But let us not lose the use of Dickens's wit and insight, because he chooses to speak in a circle of stage fire. He is entirely right in his main drift and purpose in every book he has written; and all of them, especially *Hard Times*, should be studied with close and earnest care by persons interested in social questions. They will find much that is partial, and, because partial, apparently unjust; but if we examine all the evidence on the other side, which Dickens seems to overlook, it will appear, after all their trouble, that his view was the finally right one, grossly and sharply told."—*Unto this Last*, 1862.

AN EXAMINATION IN DICKENS'S WORKS

[The latest date for receiving papers for this month is 18 October]

X—LITTLE DORRIT AND OUR MUTUAL FRIEND

LITTLE DORRIT

1. What description of pills may be found at a Court residence not far from London?
2. What taint of prison influence did Clennam once descry, as affecting Little Dorrit?
3. Quote paraphrase of a well-known proverb by Mr. Meagles.
4. How did a lady of culture classify the only things which should be recognized in polite society?
5. Give allusions to Ghost in *Hamlet*, Chair of Banquo, Mahomet's Coffin, Magic Carpet of *Arabian Nights*, a Upas tree, and the money of Robinson Crusoe.
6. At what Continental town did a very unexpected meeting take place? By whom and where was it afterwards referred to?
7. What special reason—other than social convenience and position—would induce Fanny to marry Edmund Sparkler?
8. By whom was the attendance of a certain English physician found to be indispensable?
9. Why did Mr. Dorrit, when coming to London from the Continent, adopt hotel accommodation in preference to friendly visiting?
10. Quote reference to a Castle exceeding 264 feet in altitude.

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND

11. What was the name of Miss Podsnap's aunt?
12. When did Bella refer to the size of her walking shoes?
13. Give allusions to Eastern Literature, English Romances, feminine characters of

Shakespeare, Dead March in *Saul*, Gathering of the Clans, Canterbury Pilgrims, St. George and the Dragon, and incidents of Old and New Testament history.

14. Who was Bully Sawyers?

15. Reference was once made by a young man to an article of feminine attire, not usually mentioned in select society. Name the culprit and occasion.

16. When did Jenny Wren quote from Shakespeare?

17. Specify name of Forest on the outskirts of a market.

18. By whom was a well-known poetic sentiment adapted, in respect of a jealous rival?

19. What body was erroneously identified as John Harmon's.

20. What was the Christian name of Silas Wegg's father?

RESULT OF COMPETITION IX

IX—BLEAK HOUSE—ANSWERS

1. *Mr. Skimpole*, visiting at Bleak House, "rattled hilariously that the best of all ways to lengthen our days," etc. (Chap. 6). *Mr. Bucket*, at the Bagnets', sang "Believe me if all those endearing young charms" (Chap. 49). *Author, T. Moore.*
2. *Mr. Quale*, whose overtures were distasteful to *Caddy Jellyby* (Chap. 14). Afterwards engaged to *Miss Wisk* (Chap. 30).
3. Question number three, as propounded to his son by Mr. Bagnet—"*and how do you like that name?*" (Chap. 49).
4. The "silver lining" of "Milton's Cloud"—*Masque of Comus* (Chap. 18). Jacob's Dream (Chap. 12). Great Wall of China (Chap. 14). Island of Ascension (Chap. 55). Giant Despair (Chap. 12). Fortunatus's purse (Chap. 18). Second Cataract (Chap. 19).
5. See Mr. Skimpole's *dicta* on the better zest of life—A, B, C, and D (Chap. 37).
6. Remark by *Mr. Swills*—"he was like an empty post office, for he hadn't a single note in him" (Chap. 33).
7. A daughter of Mr. Vholes—*Caroline* (Chaps. 37, 39).
8. *Mrs. Pouch*, as suggested by Mrs. Bagnet, "Joe Pouch's widder in North America" (Chap. 34).
9. "*Staple Inn* in the summer time"; frequented by *Mr. Snagsby* (Chap. 10).
10. The "*Sol's Arms*," near Chancery Lane; landlord, Mr. James George Bogsby (Chap. 33). The "*Dedlock Arms*," in village near Chesney Wold; kept by W. Grubble (Chap. 37).
11. In reference to *Lady Dedlock*, "with all her perfections on her head" (Chap. 2), Ariel (Chap. 12), Othello (Chap. 59), Yorick (Chap. 32), Cæsar's wife (Chap. 61).
12. Note from Volumnia to the General at Bath, "*descriptive* of her melancholy condition" (Chap. 53).
13. *Pony* at Mr. Boythorn's, provided for Esther's use. Having "*his rough coat*" (Chap. 36).
14. *Mrs. Blinder*, of Bell Yard. "Forasmuch as she did it to the least of these" (Chap. 15).
15. *Bucket* approving Esther's conduct, when they were searching for her mother in London, observed—"She then becomes *a Queen*, and that's about what you are yourself" (Chap. 59).
17. *Bath* (Chap. 28). Volumnia is of high standing in that "dreary city."
18. Smallweed's malediction on Captain Hawdon—"Plague, pestilence, and famine, battle, murder, and sudden death" (Chap. 26).
19. When *Jo* was brought to the Shooting Gallery by *Allan Woodcourt*—"a system I don't take kindly to myself" (Chap. 47).
20. "Gate of the Star"; "Cathedral of Our Lady" (Chap. 12).

THE SIX LEADING COMPETITORS

Miss M. M. Fowler, 2015. Mrs. E. M. Hill, 1982. Miss W. M. Nash, 1964. Miss F. Innocent, 1889. Miss Maria Neidermann, 1865. Mr. W. J. Eady, 1862.

The next two in order have 1769 and 1765 marks respectively.

The last papers in the competition will appear next month, and be devoted to two books: *Great Expectations* and *A Tale of Two Cities;* ten questions to each. [Ed.]

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE

NEEDLEWORK AND CHARITABLE GUILD

AT the annual general meeting of the Guild, held at St. Bride's Institute on 11 September, Mr. E. P. Haslam in the chair, the annual report of the Guild's work was presented by the Hon. Secretary, as also the balance sheet, both of which were adopted by the meeting. The following ladies were re-elected by the members to serve on the Committee: Miss C. Blake and Miss A. T. Smith. Miss K. Elliot was also elected in place of Mrs. Lickis, retired. It was unanimously agreed that, in view of the low state of the funds during the past year, the Guild members should in future pay a minimum subscription of 1s. The Hon. Secretary will be glad if ladies and gentlemen willing to renew or become members will forward their subscriptions to her as early as possible.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP DRAMATIC CLUB

ON Saturday, 3 November, the Dramatic Club will commence its second season with an entirely new Dickens play, *The House of Dombey*, adapted by Florence Teignmouth Shore and Walter Dexter from the well-known book.

All the favourite characters will be introduced: Captain Cuttle (W. Teignmouth Shore), Walter Gay (Percy Merriman), Florence Dombey (Mrs. Shore), Toots (Frank Staff), Carker (A. E. B. Cross), Edith (Mrs. I. T. Grein), Major Bagstock, Mrs. Chick, Miss Tox, Mrs. Skewton, Susan Nipper, Mrs. Macstinger, and, of course, Mr. Dombey himself.

The play is in five acts, and the comedy and tragedy of the book are judiciously blended throughout. Applications for tickets should be made to the Hon. Secretary, Walter Dexter, 40 Ommaney Road, New Cross, S.E. Stalls, 5s. and 2s. 6d.; balcony, 2s. 6d.; admission, 1s. Stalls and balcony seats are numbered and reserved. Family tickets of four 2s. 6d. seats, 8s.

BRIXTON BRANCH

A PRESENTATION of a handsome silver cake-basket was made to Miss Jessie Pearce by the Committee on the occasion of her marriage to Mr. Arthur Hoare, in recognition of her many services to the branch during past seasons. The presentation was made by Messrs. Marriott and Allbut, on behalf of the Committee.

The first meeting of the new session takes place on 1 October. After the business has been disposed of, recitations and readings will follow.

BLACKHEATH, LEE, AND LEWISHAM BRANCH

THE annual open-air treat to old folk, organized by the members of the above branch, took place on 5 September, and was voted an unalloyed success by the company of fifty who were fortunate enough to be invited. At two o'clock the party set out in two brakes from Shrubbery Road, Lewisham, and had a most pleasurable drive to Keston, they being accompanied by Mrs. J. E. Palmer (Treasurer of the fund), Mr. and Mrs. Lickis, Mrs. Hubble, Mrs. Sayers, Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Jay, and Mrs. Cochrane. Mr. J. E. Palmer, the local Hon. Secretary, saw the happy party off, and was at hand in the evening to welcome them on their return. Tea—a bountiful meal—was served at the Old Cottage, and a walk in the pleasant neighbourhood was thoroughly enjoyed. Home was reached at about nine o'clock, the old folk being warm in their expressions of appreciation of their outing.

The members had an excursion on 8 September to Rochester and Maidstone: by rail to Strood, thence via Rochester Bridge, Rochester Bridge Woods, and Blue Bell Hill to Kit's Coty House. Following in the footsteps

of Mr. Pickwick and his companions, the party drove through "pleasant, pleasant country" to "Cobtree," at Sandling, generally believed to be the home of the Wardles at "Dingley Dell." On the left of the lane or drive leading to the house is the pond on which Pickwick indulged in sliding, while Sam Weller exhorted his master to "keep the pot a-boiling," and into which for a few awful moments Mr. Pickwick disappeared. In front is the avenue of trees where Mr. Winkle made his unfortunate essay at rook shooting. The old Elizabethan manor house which inspired the chapters in which the Christmas festivities at "Manor Farm" are described was visited and all its associations enlarged upon. There is little doubt that Maidstone suggested the "Muggleton" of *Pickwick*, and that it was here that Dickens pitched the wickets for the "grand match between the Dingley Dellers and All Muggletonians." It was quite appropriate, therefore, that the party should drive into the county town to tea. Then they drove back to Rochester by the road which Dickens, in a letter to his friend Forster, described as "one of the most beautiful walks in England."

MANCHESTER BRANCH

THE opening meeting of next session will be held on Friday, 5 October, when there will be a social gathering. This, as well as the subsequent meetings of the branch, will be held in the Portico Library, 57 Mosley Street. The syllabus includes a lantern lecture on "Charles Dickens and his Illustrators," by Mr. Richard Bagot, a paper by Mr. A. Wood on "Dickens as a Reformer," and other interesting matter.

At the December meeting, which will be open to the public, Mr. John Harwood will give a recital of his original adaptation of *The Cricket on the Hearth*. Councillor John Royle, ex-Lord Mayor, will preside, and the proceeds (there will be a charge of one shilling each) will go towards providing copies of the works of Charles Dickens printed in the Braille type for the use of the blind.

DICKENSIANA MONTH BY MONTH

BOOKS, &c.

Charles Dickens. By Gilbert K. Chesterton. London: Methuen & Co. 7s. 6d. net.

London: a Guide for the Visitor (chapter "In London with Charles Dickens"). By J. W. Cundall. London: Cundall & Sons, Essex Street. 6d.

Personal Forces in Modern Literature. By Arthur Rickett (chapter on Dickens). London: J. M. Dent & Co. 4s. 6d. net.

Charles Dickens: His Life, Writings, and Personality. By F. G. Kitton. New edition. London: T. C. & E. C. Jack. 5s.

Dickens Souvenir Playing Cards, with portrait on back. London: Chas. Goodall & Son, Ltd. 2s. per pack.

MAGAZINE AND NEWSPAPER ARTICLES

"Mr. Pecksniff and his Prototype." By Charles C. Osborne. *Independent Review*, September.

Charles Dickens. By G. K. Chesterton. Some notable reviews of: *Daily News*, *Pall Mall Gazette*, *Tribune*, *Manchester Guardian*, 30 August; *The Times*, *The Standard*, 31 August; *Westminster Gazette*, *Daily Mail*, 4 September; *British Weekly*, 6 and 13 September; *The Throne*, *The Outlook*, 8 September; *Daily Chronicle*, 11 September; *Athenæum*, *Spectator*, *Speaker*, 15 September; *Saturday Review*, 22 September.

"The New Dickens." A chat with Mr. Arthur Waugh. *Publisher and Bookseller*, 8 September.

"Ransom Reminiscences." *The Universe*, 7 September.

"On the Tees: a Sketch." *Yorkshire Herald*, 11 September.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

"I didn't know, and now I do know, and that shows the advantage of asking, don't it?"—ROSA DARTLE.

QUESTIONS

DICKENS AND BEWICK.—I have recently seen a Catalogue advertised in *The Dickensian* from which I make two extracts:—"1. Wood Blocks never used. Charles Dickens and Thomas Bewick on the Sunday under Three Heads question; a contemporaneous pamphlet was published at Newcastle-upon-Tyne for which this large, unique, and clever block was engraved by Thomas Bewick for the title." "2. Charles Dickens and Thomas Bewick on the Sunday under Three Heads question was issued at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. This is a print off the unpublished wood block on large paper. Unique." Can you tell me what is the explanation of this? I was under the impression *Sunday under Three Heads*, by Charles Dickens, was originally published by Chapman and Hall, London, 1836. Am I mistaken? R. W. D.

DOCTOR MARIGOLD AND CHARLES COLLINS.—In the *Letters of Charles Dickens*, under date 20 November, 1865, there is a letter with a note to Mr. Percy Fitzgerald calling his attention to a tale from Doctor Marigold, "To be taken with a Grain of Salt," as being by Mr. Charles Collins and the page 253 is referred to in the index by Mr. Hy. F. Dickens (see preface) under the name of Mr. C. A. Collins. But on turning to the volume of *Christmas Stories* by Charles Dickens (Charles Dickens Edition, p. 311), I find the tale is printed under the collective title of "Two Ghost Stories," 1865–6. As the whole collection is generally supposed to be only those portions of the Christmas Numbers or Stories personally written by Charles Dickens (I presume with the exception of *No Thoroughfare*, 1867, and perhaps *The Perils of Certain English Prisoners*, 1857, both written in collaboration with Wilkie Collins), I can only suppose there is an error in either the one or the other book. Please say if this is so, and by whom, if known, the Ghost Story, 1865, is written—Charles Dickens, or Charles Collins, or both in collaboration.—*A. Y. R.*, Vol. XIV. R. W. D.

ANSWERS

DICKENS AND BEWICK.—Doubtless the best person to give an explanation is the publisher of the catalogue. *Sunday under Three Heads* was certainly published in London in 1836, and Thomas Bewick died at Gateshead, 8 November, 1829. EDITOR.

DOCTOR MARIGOLD AND CHARLES COLLINS.—The story "To be taken with a Grain of Salt" in the Christmas number of *Doctor Marigold's Prescriptions* was written by Dickens, as well as those entitled "To be taken immediately" and "To be taken for life." Charles Alston Collins, a brother of Wilkie Collins, wrote the story in the same number entitled "To be taken at the Dinner-table." I make these statements on the authority of the editorial book kept in the office of *Household Words*, which has been placed at my disposal by the present owner. The foot-note referred to is therefore an error. EDITOR.

DIARY OF DICKENS MEETINGS

Oct. 1. Brixton Branch: Business Meeting and Entertainment at Independent Church, at 8.15.

,, 5. Blackheath, Lee, and Lewisham Branch: Annual Meeting at Obelisk Hall, Lewisham, at 8.

,, 5. Manchester Branch: Opening Meeting at Portico Library, 57 Moseley St.

,, 10. Liverpool and Birkenhead Branch: Opening of new Session. Reception at Liverpool Free Library, by permission of Chief Librarian, Mr. Peter Connell. Address by the President.

LITTLE DORRIT

Facsimile reproduction of an original sketch by Hablôt K. Browne, by permission of Mr. W. T. Spencer

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